Teacher's Pet

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53682667.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz, Will Graham's Father, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Teacher-Student Relationship, Established Relationship, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Alternate Universe - High School, Age Difference, Dubious Consent, Consensual Underage Sex, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Someone Help Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Obsession, Obsessive Behavior, Murder, Alana Bloom Bashing, Alternate Universe - Student/Teacher, High School
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of All My Hannibal Stories
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-11 Words: 4,489 Chapters: 1/?

Teacher's Pet

by Nightcrawler247

Summary

Hannibal and Will are teacher and student repectively.

They are also lovers. Starting from Will's Jr. year in high school, both of them counting down the days until Will graduates and they can elope and move away to another town where no one knows them.

Hannibal is still a cannibal and murder but Will doesn't know it.

It's during the summer of Will's Jr year that the boy unexpectedly breaks up with Hannibal. Hannibal, who by this point does not see a life for himself without Will, is not taking it well.

Add on top of the Alana Bloom witnessing Hannibal trying to convince WIll to be with him again and you got yourself a perfect mess.

Notes

Other Hannibal stories not forgotten, I just have a random will selecter picking qhich of my stories/story ideas gets worked on.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will huffed with each rock of their bodies together.

His arms up and gripping tight to Hannibal's hair and shoulders. Their foreheads were pressed together and their eyes locked as Hannibal kept up the steady pace of his thrusting. Will only closing eyes to throw his head back when Hannibal managed to hit that amazing spot inside him. The man didn't mind and instead enjoyed the growing pitch of his moans and the tightening of his legs around his hips. Lifting up slightly for better aim and view of the teen withering underneath him.

"...So beautiful." Hannibal said through his pants of breath and Will's toes curled as he turned his face away a shy blush taking it over as he tried to look away. Hannibal just smirked and twisted his body to push in deeper while looking down at his face. His hand letting go of his leg to turn Will's face towards him. Holding him in place as he practically attacked his prostate. Will couldn't hold in his moans even if he wanted to.

Gripping his hips and holding him in place when Will instinctively started trying to move away from the intense sensation of pleasure the closer he got to his end. Will met his eyes again and bit his bottom lip as his climax approached him. His vision was blurry not just from the lack of glasses but the pleasure that made his eyelids flutter when he started to climax. Hannibal allowing himself to follow him over the edge.

Their hips falling together afterwards but Hannibal managed to hold his upper body up as not to crush the smaller one beneath him. Once Hannibal had collected himself he turned his attention back to his young lover. Pulling out slowly and taking satisfaction from the low hiss he let out when he did. Getting up and heading to the bathroom and coming back with a warm wet cloth.

Will relaxing in bed contently as Hannibal took on the task of cleaning them both up. Mostly Will's spend as Hannibal had been wearing a condom. Will would have worn one too to avoid a mess, but they'd been so caught up in the heat of their spontaneous morning sex that they barely managed to remember putting on Hannibal's condom let alone Will's.

Besides, Hannibal really enjoyed cleaning Will up after. When his sweet boy was all retracted in himself, but still pliant. Embarrassed from what they've just done but too in love to resist Hannibal's adoring caretaking. It always brought a smile on Hannibal's face to see that shy blush when he was cleaning up to cum form his stomach with the towel.

Today was no different. Hannibal allowed himself the pleasure of leaning down for kiss when he noticed it. Will gladly returning it. It wasn't like earlier with intense passion and lust lining it but instead a calm and deep affection. A soft desire to express the connection they shared with each other. If possible the two would have literally stayed just like that for hours but eventually they had to come up for air.

Hannibal lifting up and going to moving to the side off of Will's body. The two laying side by side with Hannibal's hand resting on his face and Will looking his way with their own soft and loving smiles.

“How about some breakfast?” Hannibal asked softly, like he was hesitant to break the calm silence between them. Will nodded in agreement and Hannibal gave him another quick kiss before getting up to leave the bathroom and head to the kitchen.

Will getting up and lifting, ignoring his sore muscles from the night before and just moments ago and moving over to the near by closet. Getting one of Hannibal’s button ups to put on loosely over his body. Having forgotten to bring his own change of clothes. Not that he cared, he loved being surrounded by the older man’s scent. Once dressed he followed after Hannibal. Walking confidently through the man’s house, having been here enough to know his way around the large estate. A beautiful mix of cabin and modern luxury housing. Filled with more bedrooms then Hannibal would ever need. Will suspects he only bought the place for it’s peaceful seclusion close to the woods then town and elaborate kitchen with it’s basement industrial level freezer and butcher shop. Either way, it was beautiful.

Once he made it to the kitchen he could see Hannibal preparing a charcuterie board for them, so made himself useful by preparing the coffee. Will wasn’t much of a fan of it in the beginning of their relationship but after a while the seventeen-year-old could easily see the appeal of the bitter drink. That being said, his own was filled with a generous amount of sugar and milk. ‘An abomination’ as Hannibal had called it often.

As Will worked on their morning drink, he didn’t notice the fond and reminiscent smile Hannibal was giving him, thinking of how they’d come to this point.

Hannibal had been nothing more than another high school teacher to Will. Granted one that half the student body and staff found *very* pleasing to the eyes but still... had it not been for that school boy crush, Hannibal’s own inappropriate attraction to his shy but perfect student, and a few private tutoring lessons filled with far more touching and flirty then was normal then perhaps Will would have never gotten the courage to lean in close as if to kiss him and Hannibal meeting him the rest of the way before the boy could come to his sense.

Hannibal still thinks of that day fondly as it began the whirlwind of their secret love affair and the start of Hannibal's small affections of fondness of Will growing into the all-encompassing love, possibly obsession, Hannibal felt for him. The man having never thought he’d find that kind of love in life. Never thought he’d see anyone as more than another potential meal on his plate until he had what he did with his student. Hannibal could confidently say he had no intention of ever giving that up. He would also gladly say, Will seemed to be of similar thought to him. A positive, even if Hannibal knew Will hadn’t fully comprehended what it means to be with him, both as his teacher and unknowingly to Will, or anyone else, as resident cannibal.

“Two spoons or one?” Will asked pulling him out his thoughts as he held up his cup. Hannibal’s preference for his coffee often changed depending on the day.

“Two.” Hannibal said, turning towards him and stealing a kiss on the lips again, licking the remnants of the much sweeter coffee off his lips.

“I’m in the mood for something sweet today.” He teased and enjoyed the blush he got and the way Will turned his head to the side with that adorable shy smile.

Hannibal loved his shy boy.

Hannibal enjoyed his own coffee when Will handed it to him as he kept working on the presentation of their food. Moving fast with the skills of a professional. Finishingg both the meal set up and most his coffee before Will had gotten even a fourth of his own down. Hannibal moved the finished board and his coffee over to the nearby sofa. The upper half of the wall in the living room composed entirely of windows made the are much brighter to sit in than the kitchen where the light only reached far enough to brighten half the kitchen. Will sipping contently at his coffee even as Hannibal moved away. His eyes down and mind elsewhere as it often was when he was relaxed.

Hannibal allowed himself to enjoy the sight of the teen so comfortable in his button up and leaning against his kitchen counter for a while. That is until he felt the desire to have said teen in his arms again.

“Will.” He called out and Will looked over to him. Hannibal waved him over silently. Will smiled and put his cup down on a nearby coaster politely before moving over. Each slow step he took shifting the shirt to reveal just a little more of either his chest or thighs. He moved to go over to sit next to the older man, but Hannibal gently took hold of his waist and hand and instead directed him between Hannibal’s legs. Will allowed himself to be moved with a hazy expression of lust and a blush to match that was not just from shyness this time around. It only served to grow Hannibal’s smirk of satisfaction.

He pulled Will down and then up onto his lap. Straddling him comfortably and Will’s hands coming up to rest naturally on his shoulders. Hannibal took the chance to leave pepper kisses along his neck and exposed collat bone. Will breath shuttering ever so slightly at the light affectionate gestures. Things did not progress the way he expected though as instead of pulling off the dress shirt Hannibal reached out and grabbed one of the decorated rosette meats and held it out and up to Will’s mouth.

The boy taking the food gladly into his teeth and letting Hannibal feed him by hand. Taking the next and the next after that as well. Nipping at Hannibal’s finger purposefully at one point and making the man chuckle as they shared a smile. Hannibal moving his hand to Will’s cheek and Will leaning his head into the touch. They shared another kiss and this time Hannibal nipped at his bottom lip. Making Will pull back in shock before smiling at Hannibal’s teasing expression. Going back in for another passionate kiss.

He then pulled back and took his turn to feed Hannibal what he believed to be pork. Just as slow, gentle, and sensual as he’d done for him. A pleasant and slow breakfast that only got messy when they switched to beautifully cut fruit for dessert and Will took a chance to lick the dripping juices that tried o run down Hannibal’s arm. He could feel the man grow slightly in his dress pants. Even more when Will ran his hands slowly down his bare chest. Enjoying touching as well, given Hannibal had his other hand on his lower back and was now pulling him closer (if that was possible) on his lap while he drifted said hand lower.

Hannibal so enjoyed watching Will dine on his cooking this way. It always got him, both of them really, so worked up. He did put his all into their shared meals after all. His boy always deserved the best of the best and food was high on that list of things Hannibal wished to provide him. Along with comfort and safety. He felt he’d thoroughly accomplished both of

those given *who* they were eating. The bastard who'd been making Will's school life Hell this year.

He couldn't' wait to see Will improved mood when he realized that the bully wouldn't be showing up anymore and rumor spread that his parents had moved him to boarding school or something similar. Everyone knew he was one more strike from being on his way out anyways. Most likely the office conclusion will be that he finally ran away to pursue a degenerate life of crime. Either way, his boy could enjoy his school days in peace again. Perhaps one day Hannibal could tell him and he could know he was given his sweet revenge through a pleasant breakfast during one of their many weekends spent together. Perhaps he'd even thank Hannibal in another of those creative ways of his. Not that Hannibal was banking for that. Hannibal was satisfied just knowing he'd provided this for him.

That and the adorable way he ate from Hannibal's very hand.

Those cute kitten licks at his fruit-soaked fingers were soon accompanied by the slow rocking of Will's hips in his lap. A slow grind that Hannibal was now returning with his own lustful gaze locked onto Will's. His hand coming up and pushing his hips forward more as he met them. A steady and firm rhythm gaining between them. Hannibal hand drifting down and Will's eyes closing with a moan around his thumb when Hannibal gripped him.

Hannibal was surprised when Will's hips stopped then and he pulled away, looking at Hannibal regretfully. Hannibal's hand froze with firm grip still around him but no longer trying to rub him to hardness.

"I have homework." Will said with that same displeasure in his voice but an understanding it must get done. Hannibal couldn't help his own chuckle at the words.

"I'll give you an extension." He said going to kiss and suck at his neck as his hand started back up with reignited vigor. Will gasping and holding onto his shoulders for balance as Hannibal leaned forward and Will had to move back to accommodate, tipping over on his lap.

"I have more than just your class to worry about." Will chuckled along with him, barely resisting at this point, but still trying to be reasonable.

While it was always conveninent that Will's single dad worked on an oil rig and allowed for Will to be over at his place most weekends of the months he was gone, being mid-year came with the annoyance of mid-terms that Hannibal knew would be suspicious if Will, a typically straight A student, failed from lack of studying. As much as he hated it he knew the boy did need some time outside their fooling around to get it done.

"I'll help you with it later." Hannibal said trying for humor in his voice still but lust having taken over any other emotion by this point. Too wrapped up in the small huffs Will was giving as Hannibal continued to stroke him. The boy's hand grabbing at his upper arm just to steady himself. Tightening anf loosening when he felt he was holding too hard. Hannibal wanted to tell him to just keep squeezing, leave a bruise if he wanted.

It was only a few more strokes and a bite hard enough to leave a hickey that pushed Will over. The boy biting into his shoulder as he shook slightly with his completion. Pulling away when he was catching his breath and looking down at his shoulder embarrassed.

“Sorry.” He mumbled at the teeth marks he left. Hannibal just pulled him into a kiss before smiling at him.

“Nothing to apologize for.” He said confidently. Wishing that Will had broken the skin and left him with a much more lasting mark to admire later. Maybe he could push him to that point later.

“Let’s get your work started.” Hannibal said and Will looked down at his lap.

“...But?” He said suggestively and rocked his hip against Hannibal again. Hannibal made no outside reaction to that but felt himself getting very close to just pushing Will down onto the sofa and having his way with him.

“That can wait for later. I’d rather have you not worried about anything else when we get started. After all, I don’t plan on stopping until the sun is rising again.” Hannibal said and Will felt like his face was on fire. Hannibal just chuckled again and allowed himself another kiss before pulling away. Having to move Will off his lap so that he could stand. Having willed his erection away by now. He held a hand out to Will to help him stand.

“Let’s get your things.” He said and Will took it with a nod and small smile.

Their morning had been really nice so far.

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“...Okay now you're going to... yes... that’s perfect... See you didn’t even need me?” Hannibal said looking over Will’s shoulder as he finished up his work. Will smiled at him for the encouragement. As if Hannibal hadn’t just helped him through a good chunk of this work. He certainly wouldn’t have finished within an hour if he hadn’t.

The mere fact he was next to Will and holding him close while occasionally rubbing his back was enough motivation to get through the work as fast as possible. Will is only half sure what he’d even just done. Too distracted by the prize for afterwards as well as the wonderful praise during. He practically melted when Hannibal gave him another proud kiss on the head.

Will has never really experienced that in life. Having grown up with his mother dying in child birth, a father who wasn’t particularly phsyically affectionate and gone for months at a time for work, and no other older close figures in his life Will had really taken to all the attention and affection Hannibal gave him. It would be an understatement to say his was starved for it. It was certainly one of the best perks to their relationship. He’s pretty sure Hannibal was aware of it too because he never held back any of that affection and seemed to

double down on how much he showed early on in their relationship when he realized how happy it made Will.

Will couldn't think of a better lover to have. He looked so forward so much to when they didn't have to hide like this. When Will graduated from high school in a year in a half, and Hannibal got a job in another city, likely as a doctor to draw less attention. Will wanted them to leave as soon as he turned eighteen, but Hannibal insisted, he graduate first.

The thought of being able to walk down the street in public and not have to hide his desire to reach out and just take his hand was amazing to Will. Not having to pretend only a causal relationship with the man, like he did in school was also amazing. Will wanted to world to know he was the closets person in Hannibal's life. That no one knew them like they knew each other. They were so close to that life Will could almost taste it.

It embarrassed Will how much he wanted those He was always hesitant to share his excitement for their plan with his lover because he thought it made him seem childish to crave that married life so much. He was blushing right now just thinking about it.

"Will?" Hannibal called, noticing the boy adorably spacing out again and drawing his attention back to the here and now.

"Yes?" Will asked looking over and up at him. Hannibal smiled at that earnest expression. Will always made him feel so soft.

"Let's take a break." He said and Will nodded. Wanting to lean up and kiss the man but Hannibal pulled away and got up from the table going over to his harpsicord. Leaving a disappointed Will behind. Will got up to follow him and brazenly placed himself between Hannibal's legs on the bench. Hannibal chuckling softly as he wrapped his arms around Will and leaned his chest against his back. Burring his face in his neck and taking a deep breath of his natural scent. Will smiled and leaned into the touching. Placing his own hand and arm on top of Hannibal's.

"Can you play something... complicated?" Will asked him, softly interested. He always loved hearing Hannibal play and better yet seeing his fingers work over the keys. He was so good with his hands.

Hannibal let him go so that he could reach out and do as asked. Pausing to watch Will's face as he let his fingers descend in the middle of Etude Op 10 No 4 Torrent. Will head eyes moved rapidly as they followed Hannibal's quickly moving fingers over the keys. Amazement reflecting in his eyes the same way it did every time he saw Hannibal play. It didn't leave him even when Hannibal stopped playing.

"Wow... okay now play something.. Spooky." Will said looking to the side and back at him.

"Spooky?" Hannibal teased and Will gave and unbothered hum.

"Yep." He said and Hannibal chuckled before hovering his and over the keys a second before playing Peter Grundy's The Shadow's Bride, enjoying watching Will face as he played effortlessly without looking. Eventually slowing the song down and starting over.

“Would you like to learn this one?” Hannibal asked him casually seeing how much he seemed to enjoy it, still playing the song.

“I have no rhythm what’s so ever.” Will said so straightforward it made Hannibal laughed.

“It’s not so hard, here let me show you.” He said next putting Will’s smaller hands on the keys and his own over it. Moving slow as he guided Will’s hands over the keys. Leaning over him to do so and the two barely able to keep rhythm as Will couldn’t helping looking back at Hannibal to smile and go in for a kiss. The playing coming to a halt when even Hannibal was taken by the intensity of it.

Turning Will around fully as to better indulge in it. The close proximity for so long having finally gotten to them both. Hannibal went as far as to lift Will up and rest him against the keys. The sound of the instrument going off but being unnoticed by the two of them so thoroughly taken with one another.

This time is was Will who reached out first to grip Hannibal through his dress pants. Hannibal groaning into his mouth and pushing him further onto the instrument. Walking between his spread legs. His hands going down to prep the boy.

That is until an unexpected knock was heard coming from the front door, halting them both in their movements.

Hesitant and lustful eyes met one another as they pants with strain not ot just dive back into attacking one another. They waited in silence in hopes that whoever, likely the mail man, would just go away and let them continuing what they were doing. A stronger more insistent knocked was heard and they both sighed in disappointment.

Hannibal pulled away and Will climbed down disappearing himself inside the house most likely to their bedroom Yes, Hannibal thought of it as *theirs* by this point in their six-month relationship. Hannibal considered getting a shirt but figured the lack of one would show how much of a bad time this was. So, he went over to get the door.

Hannibal didn’t bother looking out the peep whole and instead just opened the door. Annoyed to find his coworker Alana Bloom there and smiling much to happily to be interrupting someone Saturday morning. She gave a soft ‘oh!’ when she saw him shirtless and did a terrible job of hiding how she was resisting just staring. Looking all around but his chest.

Hannibal had known the woman has had a crush on him likely since he came to this town to teach. She was a rather pushy crush as well, taking ever opportunity to get close to Hannibal. He hadn’t however thought her rude enough to bother him on his day of so early because of it. He hoped she had a decent reason for being here. Though he doubted anything would make up from the interruption between him and his boy.

“Hello, Hannibal.” She said.

“Dr. Bloom, how may I help you this morning?” He asked and notably didn’t invite her in, even when she tried to step forward on the door way.

“I’ve come to get those papers we talked about?” She asked and Hannibal honestly blanked on what she meant. Never bothering remembering their conversations much.

“The agreed upon lesson plan for next term?” She reminded and his eyes lightened up in realization, struggling to hide his annoyance with it. There was no need to come get that, he’d have brought it to work Monday to share with her.

“I’ll get that right out to you.” He said going to close the door.

“Oh, I-” She tried to say, likely wanting to be invited in.

Hannibal sighed as he looked up and saw Will peaking around the corner. His mood immediately improving at the adorable sight. He waved his hand at him to go back to the bedroom and Will nodded before his soft bare feet could heard retreating back to the room. Hannibal moved over to his table where he’d been working on his own work next to Will’s, grabbing what he needed and going to the door. He put on a forced professional smile before opening the door.

“Here you go.” He said handing it to her. She took it with a thankful smile.

“Thank you, I needed this to finish up my own work for Monday. No rest for us teachers, right?” She said and Hannibal hummed in agreement. She shuffled her feet a second before speaking again.

“You know, I’d love you to walk me through it? Just so I don’t miss anything?” She asked moving forward again trying to get permission to get in. Hannibal just kept up the smile.

“I’m sorry but I’m quiet busy today. Not to worry though, the lesson plan is fairly straight forward. If anything confuses you don’t hesitate to reach out to me with question via email. Now I'm so sorry to rush you away but I’ve really got to get back to what I was doing.” Hannibal said gesturing inside his home. Her lips pursed a second but she forced back her won smile and nodded din understanding.

“It was good seeing you.” She said and waved at him. He returned the goodbye before closing the door again. Allowing his annoyance to show before letting it go with a huff of breath and walking much happier to his bedroom.

Hannibal arrived to Will relaxing on the bed, his eyes closed, laying on his stomach with his head on his crossed arms, and from what Hannibal could tell his button upped shirt undone. Hannibal smirked. He wasn’t even *trying* for modesty anymore.

Hannibal was alost taken aback by how nice he looked. He came over and sat gently on the bed next to him. Resting a hand on his mid back. Will’s eyes opening, almost like he’d been dosing and turning to look up at him with a soft smile. Hannibal smield and leaned down connecting their lips. His hands going back to what they were doing before as Will turned himself over and raised his won to cling onto Hannibal, feeling himself opening up to his fingers.

Hannibal pulled away and just gazed down on the gorgeous creature below him as he withered slightly on the bed beneath him. Eyes closed, panting and fully indulging in the pleasure Hannibal was giving to him. Hannibal eyes went dark with lust and something else most would not have been able to indentify. A single thought runnign throw his head as moved to finally take Will as he'd wanted to for the last couple of hours.

'I really can't live without you anymore.'

End Notes

Comments are love!

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